NOTES FROM LONDON.

MOSTLY PERSONAL, JOURNALISTIC AND THEATRICAL.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, October 18.

I find London seething with politics. No man talks to you of anything but Redistribution, or the Birmingham riot, or Lord Randolph Churchill's still more riotous speeches, or of what Lord Salisbury is going to do or not do about the Franchise Bill, or which of three courses Mr. Gladstone will take when next the Tory majority in the Lords shall have wreaked their will on this measure. But it seems to me I have lately tried your patience with overmuch politics, and for to-day, at least, I will say nothing about them, one brief little anecdote excepted.

On my way south from Scotland I met again in Edinburgh the Tory inn keeper of intelligence whom I have before mentioned. I asked him a question or two about the reception of Sir Stafford Northcote. Was it true that Edinburgh greeted him coldly, that there was little cheering outside the hall where he spoke and none in the streets,—in short no demonstration that could be called popular? "Well, sir," answered he, "whoever told you this was not far off the truth." Then after a pause he added: "You would not yourself think Sir Stafford Northcote the kind of man to be enthusiastic about." To which I answered that with every respect to his character and abilities I certainly should not.

It is now three weeks since the accident to Lord Rosebery, and he is so far recovered as to be able to leave Dalmeny for London. He arrived last night at Lansdowne House. For the first two or three days there was, I imagine, more anxiety about him than anybody cared to admit. When his horse put his foot into a hole and fell, Lord Rosebery was thrown heavily and broke his collar-bone. That is a slight matter, but some internal mischief was done which was not slight. The internal pain was great and the doctors were puzzled. I don't know whether they ever made up their minds what had happened. Whatever the trouble was, it disappeared before a week was over, and the progress toward recovery has since been fairly rapid. A week ago, he was able to drive out, and seemed to want nothing but strength.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, conductor and owner of *The Morning Post* of London, publishes in that and other papers a very curious correspondence between himself and the Earl of Malmesbury. In the Memoirs of an ex-Minister which Lord Malmesbury has lately given to the world, occurs this passage:

Sent for Walewski; he confessed that the French Government paid *The Morning Post*, and that he saw Borthwick, the editor, every day.

This statement Sir Algernon Borthwick denies, and confidently anticipates that Lord Malmesbury will withdraw it. But the anticipation proves too sanguine. Lord Malmesbury says he is very sorry his statement should cause anybody annoyance, but declares it is impossible he should retract what he said. Count Walewski did say *The Morning Post* was in the pay of the French Government; the account in the Memoirs is perfectly exact, and the matter is as fresh in his memory as if it occurred yesterday. Then follows the gem of this correspondence:

Although you appear to think Count Walewski's statement derogatory to Mr. Borthwick [Sir Algernon's father], I cannot view it in the same light. The relations between a respectable journal and a Minister are reciprocally almost indispensable, and may deserve the greatest proofs of gratitude of each to the other!

The Earl of Malmesbury is therefore of opinion that an English newspaper may rightly take pay from a foreign Government for supporting the policy of that Government. There would be nothing "derogatory" to an editor in that. Lord Malmesbury is a Tory Peer. He has twice been a Cabinet Minister. He was never thought a brilliant or even an ableman, but nobody could have supposed him capable of holding or publishing such an opinion as this. The only thing one can say is that he is seventy-seven years old.

Sir Algernon Borthwick naturally is not content with Lord Malmesbury's estimate of the alleged transaction. In Sir Algernon's view, the account is a calumny. He insists that it is false, and he rightly declares that for an English journal to take French gold would have been dishonorable and unpatriotic. He points out that the paper often opposed the French Government, and was sometimes seized and the sale of it in France prohibited. Lord Malmesbury has, in fact, rather lightly hazarded an accusation impossible of proof if it were true, difficult to disprove if false. It was long known to everybody that the relations between *The Post* and the Emperor were friendly. The Paris correspondent of that paper had a footing at the Tuileries and access to information such as would have been granted to nobody who was not thought useful to the French Government. But Lord Malmesbury's notion that money passed is probably as incorrect as his idea that the position of a pensioner on France would not be "derogatory" to an English journal.

Somebody has set afloat a fresh rumor of a compromise of Miss Fortescue's action against Lord Garmoyle for breach of promise. The sum to be paid, according to this latest story, is no less than $125,000. Miss Fortescue is to give up all letters. Lord Garmoyle had declared to his father that he never could face Mr. Charles Russell's cross-examination, and so the purse-strings of Lord Garmoyle's father had to be loosed. It is all very interesting. Unhappily it is not true, nor even plausible, nor was there the smallest foundation for the gossip when it last got into print. There is no probability of any agreement or settlement between the parties to this suit until they meet in court. Then, when the plaintiff's case has been opened, and Miss Fortescue steps into the witness-box, letters in hand, it is thought the defence will give in. There is no defence, in fact, it is merely a question of how much money shall be paid, coupled with a public statement by Lord Garmoyle's counsel that Miss Fortescue's conduct has been throughout irreproachable.

"The Sorcerer," by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan (who still modestly omits the "Sir" from the playbill), was reproduced last Saturday at the Savoy Theatre. This and "Trial by Jury" were to fill the interval between the withdrawal of "Iolanthe" and the appearance of a new opera, understood to be laid down on lines more definitely dramatic and less purely whimsical than the recent pieces of these two gifted and successful authors. But the success of "The Sorcerer" is so marked that it is likely to hold the stage all winter. There have always been critics to insist that this, which is the first work of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, is also their best. However that may be, nothing could have been more favorable than the reception of it by a crowded house on Saturday. It is seven years since this piece was brought out; to most of the audience it was probably as new as if it had just been composed. It certainly was welcomed as fresher than the two or three which have last preceded this revival. I believe you have seen it in New-York more recently, and I need therefore do nothing more than chronicle its success here. Mr. D'Oyly Carte has put it on the stage prettily. Miss Braham and Mr. Lely sing as well as ever, and Mr. Grossmith has lost nothing of that curious cunning by which he convinces his company that he has a voice. Mr. Gilbert's humor has the flavor of novelty which it has seemed lately to lack, and Sir Arthur Sullivan reminds the public once more how long he has devoted his rare musical skill to the amusement of a public whom he is perfectly able to impress in a very different manner.

Miss Mary Anderson is once more at the Lyceum playing in "Pygmalion and Galatea" and "Comedy and Tragedy." Her friends give out that she has greatly improved since her last appearance in London, and complain that the London critics do not award her credit for it. That the London critics do not think Miss Anderson much changed for the better seems clear. Whether this is jealousy or ignorance, or imperfect appreciation, I cannot say, for I have not seen Miss Anderson. But I am a little at a loss to understand how or why any great alteration in this young lady's style of acting should have occurred. She is not a novice. Her style was formed long since. It is a style not in harmony with the prevailing dramatic standards; "the style," said a critic of eminence, "which for five and twenty years I have been trying to write down." If, indeed, Miss Anderson has discarded this antiquated method, and has adopted another, and brought it to a fair degree of excellence within a few months, such a feat would indicate the possession of dramatic powers much higher in kind than those she has hitherto been credited with. Possibly she is reserving them for "Romeo and Juliet," the production of which has been twice postponed and is now announced for the first of November. Meantime, "business" at the Lyceum is said to be but moderate.

The papers devote half a column apiece or more to comments on "Called There and Back"; a burlesque, so-called, by Mr. Herman Merivale, on "Called Back," produced at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday. It is a dreary piece throughout, devoid of wit or even fun. If it has any mission it is to show that the talents, such as they are, of the Gaiety performers, are of no use to them in pieces cast in any other mould than the extravaganzas to which the Gaiety Theatre is chiefly devoted. G. W. S.

RANDOM SHOTS IN A STREET-CAR.

INCIDENTS BY NIGHT AND DAY, BOTH COMICAL AND OTHERWISE.

There are seats near the front end for half a dozen. The car stops. A woman enters by the rear platform, looks down, cuts her eyes right and left and props herself in the doorway. The passengers look from the woman to the vacant seats; from the vacant seats to the woman, each wondering why she doesn't go forward and sit down. She wonders why some one doesn't offer her a seat. The conductor fingers his nickels and dimes with calm indifference and will not see the tableau. A disgusted passenger gets up, bows the woman to his seat, she takes it with a sigh and look of resignation, not angelic; he goes forward and sits down with a something, not exactly a sigh, but almost as expressive.

Query—Is this woman blind, near-sighted or lame?

There is scarcely standing room inside the car and both platforms are crowded. A mother gets aboard with five children, pushes them in one by one, takes the youngest in her arms and clings frantically, helplessly to the strap. A man politely offers her his seat, which she hastily crowds into, taking two children on her lap and gathering the rest of her flock about her as a hen does her chickens. The conductor calls "Fares, please." She gives him five cents and tells him all the children are under 4 years old. Having no recourse but in submission, he retreats to his post on or near the platform and pours his indignation into the ear of some sympathetic passenger.

"I'd swear that boy's six years old if he's a day," he says bitterly. "A spotter will get on directly and count him among the passengers, which means five cents out of my pocket. I wouldn't mind paying for the chap if I was asked to do it, but I hate to see such—now just watch her, will you."

A passenger on the mother's left rises to leave the car and a lady is preparing to take his seat. With a sudden jerk a pair of fond hands flops one of the less-than-four-year-olds into it. The neighbor on her right gets up and No. 2 is flopped into his seat; No. 3 and No. 4 are likewise provided for leaving only the baby in the mother's lap. The children get on their knees, face right about, peer out the windows and wipe their feet against the skirts of the women who are standing. The dear mother sees nothing of all this, she doesn't know that old people are tired of standing and hanging to the straps, nor does she hear the general sigh of relief that follows her when she leaves the car with her numerous offspring.

Query—Why don't the passengers sit down and take the little chaps on their laps?

A nervous old gentleman climbs aboard a Madison-ave. car at Seventeenth-st., and pipes out angrily to the conductor:

"Do you know the number of that car ahead?"

"No, sir."

"Well, can't you find it out?"

"Not very well; it's too far off."

"Well, I want you to get me the number of that car. I am going to make a complaint against that impudent driver and that rascally conductor. I don't propose to put up with it, not a bit of it; no indeed I don't!"

The old gentleman wiped the perspiration from his wrinkled forehead and continued to fume and fret. The conductor mildly and cautiously ventured to inquire the grievance which caused so much agitation on the part of his aged passenger.

"Why, he passed me at Seventeenth-st., actually passed me in broad daylight. I waved my hand and shouted, and the rascal of a driver only laughed at me. He didn't pretend to stop. Plague take him! Can you get me his number?"

The night is dark and there are only four passengers. The car is making good time. A burly African swings himself into the rear platform at Sixteenth-st., and holding his hands together before him, leans confidentially over to the conductor. The whites of his eyes look, to the inside passengers, like Jack-o'-lanterns in a Georgia swamp, and his glittering teeth like a row of tombstones in a graveyard.

"Boss, don' tell nobody," he whispers audibly to the conductor.

"Tell what?"

"'Clar' yer won' tell? I'se got sumpen 'ticular!"

"All right, what is it?"

"Now, yer ain' gwine 'er say nuthin' ter no one, shore?"

"No."

"Jes' look er yere, den, boss. Pick 'em up'n de sidewalk."

The conductor took and examined a bright new "gold" finger-ring with "18c" on the inside. It looked genuine enough.

"You found this? What are you going to do with it?"

"Boss, I'se pow'ful hard up. Ain' eben had no supper. 'Speck 'll hab ter sell it."

"What'll you take for it?"

"Boss, see'n it's you, yer kin hab it fer haf er dollar, ef yer don' say nuthin' about it."

"You're sure it's gold?"

"Es sure's I am dat I ain' had no supper."

This is said in a tone that carries conviction, and the conductor goes forward to discuss with the driver the merits of the ring. The negro casts after him a frightened glance, and opens his mouth as if about to say something, then with a bound he leaves the car and disappears in the darkness.

"That's the way to get rid of them fellows," laughed the conductor, as he passed the ring about to the passengers. "He buys these things for a dollar and a half a dozen. But they can't come their dodge over me, n-ary time. I'll take this home and put it with the others."

Conductor: "No smoking allowed here, sir; you'll have to go on the front platform."

The person addressed hesitates for a moment; shall he go forward? Shall he throw away the cigar and remain where he is? Or shall he put it out and go inside and save it for another smoke? He decides upon this last scheme, and scraping the ash end against the dash-board, enters the crowded car with the half-smothered roll between his fingers. Soon a sickening odor pervades the car—an odor half way between bilge-water and hartshorn, or a mixture of the two. And the passengers have to breathe it.

Query—Is there a more disgusting smell than that of a put-out cigar?

I. She enters the car and finds every seat taken. After she has stood long enough to become conspicuous, a young man glances up, suddenly, as it were from deep cogitation, sees her, rises hastily upon the discovery, and with several bows too many, offers her his seat. She declines with a pretty smile, he insists, and she finally sits down. He, dreadfully smitten, wedges himself opposite, and ogles her till she leaves the car, disgusted. II. She enters the car and finds every seat taken. She has to stand only a moment. A young man springs lightly up from his seat, and without so much as a glance at her, walks forward, takes hold of a strap, and looks unconcernedly out of the front door. She doesn't know whether he has given her his seat or not; it may be his intention to leave the car, so she sits down. By-and-by he slips into a seat and dives again into his paper, ready to get up for the next woman that comes in.

A SLEEPY YOUNG PASSENGER.

A ragged little urchin peeped in at the door of a Ninth-ave. car. It was nearly midnight, and the few passengers thought he was stealing a ride, but presently he stepped inside and after a moment's uncertainty climbed into the corner seat, shivered, and fell asleep.

"Poor little fellow," said a woman compassionately. "It's too bad."

Her escort placed a nickel in the boy's hand. He clung to it, half opened his eyes, shivered and fell asleep again. He was extremely ragged and dirty, and the driver opened the door and looked at him, inquiring, "Does he belong to any of yese?"

"No, he's some poor boy that has got lost," said the young woman. "I am afraid he'll ride past his home."

A TRIBUNE reporter shook the boy to awaken him, and the little fellow flourished his arms wildly, awoke and shivered.

"Where do you live?" asked the reporter.

"Seventeenth street," the boy replied, trying to go to sleep again.

"What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I foller'd der percession."

He fell back into his corner asleep, and when the car reached Seventeenth-st. the driver stopped it, and waited until his passenger was awakened. The boy ran off into a dark-looking street with tall tenement houses.

A few nights later at nearly the same hour the same ragged boy jumped on a Fourth-ave. car, walked to the seat in the farthest corner, curled himself up in it and went to sleep.

"Where's your fare, sonny?" asked the conductor curiously. It was hard to wake the boy, he slept so soundly. Then he said that he had no money.

"Where do you live?"

"Down on Cherry street."

"What are you doing up here?"

"I foller'd der percession," replied the boy with a shiver, and he fell asleep.

"I'll pay that boy's fare," said one passenger, and another man forced five cents into the boy's hand, but did not awaken him.

"It's all right," said the conductor. "I won't put him off, but," he added to the reporter on the platform, "it seems to me I've had that youngster on before; but I couldn't swear to it."

ENORMOUS EXHIBITS OF POWER

TESTING DYNAMITE SHELLS.

PROSPECTS OF A CHANGE IN NAVAL WARFARE—EXPERIMENTS AT SANDY HOOK.

During the last summer a party of from three to five persons might frequently have been seen taking the boat to Governor's Island or Sandy Hook. Their movements were mysterious and their conversation was carried on in guarded tones. At times they were accompanied by persons known to be members of the United States Ordnance Board. It is well known that various trials of dynamite projectiles have taken place at the Ordnance Proving Grounds at Sandy Hook. Compressed air guns and other inventions have been tested but have failed to give full satisfaction. It is admitted by all military authorities that if dynamite shells can be safely discharged from ordinary cannon with powder charges, it will create a revolution in naval and land siege operations. The difficulty has been that the concussion from the explosion of the gunpowder explodes the dynamite before it leaves the gun. Since Nobel discovered dynamite the various European nations, especially Russia and Prussia, have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in unsuccessful attempts to overcome this difficulty. It seems to have been left for a Yankee to succeed in it in the birthplace of the torpedo, which has been the bugbear of England ever since Fulton blew up the Danish brig Dorothea in Deal Harbor in 1811.

The party alluded to was composed of F. H. Snyder and assistants, who have perfected a system of sabots and rubber buffers in connection with a projectile by which dynamite shells can be safely discharged from cannon by the use of gunpowder, and with a terrific effect upon the object struck.

The recent operations at Sandy Hook have been kept a profound secret. No reporters have been allowed upon the grounds or have heretofore been able to obtain any definite information. A TRIBUNE reporter lately visited Mr. Snyder for the purpose of ascertaining the results of his experiments. Mr. Snyder has been for a number of years engaged in torpedo and ordnance experiments, not only in this country but abroad, and was associated with Colonel John L. Lay, M. A. Hardy and Martin Hubbe in developing the famous Lay torpedo which is controlled in its movements by electricity. He also took an active part in the late war between Chili and Peru, holding a commission under the Peruvian Government. He said:

"I have no particular objections to letting the public know what I have accomplished, but you know that if I open myself to interviews on the subject of dynamite it will be hard for me to keep out of the range of your flying artillery reporters. In this respect I have already been the attacking point of an army of scribes, but I will give you what information I can, consistently.

"My preliminary experiments began about three years ago with a three-quarter inch bore shotgun, from which I fired shells charged with from one to one and a half ounces of dynamite. I perfected the system so that I safely fired from the shoulder. I then began increasing the size of my guns until my present experiments are made with cannon of six inches calibre. I consider that the system is so well developed now that dynamite shells can be fired from guns of the largest calibre, and that as long a range can be secured as with ordinary projectiles. From the six-inch guns of the old pattern, which are considered obsolete for modern warfare, I have fired projectiles charged with from eight to ten pounds of the strongest grade of dynamite.

"The system is applicable to all kinds of guns, and the shells can be fired from breech or muzzle-loading, smooth-bore or rifled ordnance."

"How large charges of dynamite could you fire from cannon?"

"That would depend upon the size of the gun, its calibre and length of bore. I think a shell loaded with—at the lowest—100 pounds of dynamite can be safely fired from a fifteen-inch gun."

"How great a charge of dynamite would you think sufficient to sink a modern ironclad, say of the size of the Devastation or Intrepid of the English navy?"

"I think that twenty-five or thirty pounds, striking the vessel broadside on, would completely disable her, though it might not sink her at once. The chances are, however, that it would. The effect of a dynamite shell exploding against an ironclad would be similar to a blow given by a ram or a shock from the heaviest artillery at short range; while neither might pierce her armor, the crashing effect would so disarrange her interior that her engines would be useless."

"Are you familiar with the experiments recently made at Annapolis by the Naval Bureau of Ordnance to test the efficiency of dynamite against iron targets?"

"I only know of them what I have read in the newspapers. I have seen it stated that dynamite exploded against an iron target would not do much damage, and that to be effective it would have to enter the target before exploding. This I do not believe. It may have been left for the Naval Bureau of Ordnance to discover that dynamite is harmless and that it can be exploded against ironclads with impunity, yet I doubt if the result of the Annapolis experiments will deter the European Powers from continuing to expend the millions of dollars they are constantly appropriating for the manufacture of torpedoes. I do not believe it is possible to penetrate a hard substance like iron or stone with a dynamite shell, as the explosion of the dynamite by the shell's striking the target would be as quick as the velocity of the shell itself, and even if it could penetrate before explosion, I do not think that the effect would be more destructive to a heavily armored vessel."

"You speak of torpedoes; what do you mean by torpedoes?"

"I should appeal from Webster in defining a modern war-torpedo, and say that the torpedo of the present day is an expert way of exploding dynamite, or similar high explosives, without being there yourself, whether in the heavens above, the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. There have been some experiments at Fort Lafayette by Mr. Windsor and others with an air gun in firing dynamite and also by Mr. Keely, of 'motor' fame at Sandy Hook.

"I have no doubt that it is practicable to fire dynamite shells from air guns, but it is utterly impossible to compress air sufficiently to secure any velocity or range that would bear any comparison with gunpowder. Light projectiles at short range can be thrown by compressed air. This is no new thing, however, for wind guns have been used for years, and bear about the same comparison to cannon that a bow and arrow in the hands of a Comanche Indian would to a Sharp's rifle in the hands of an expert sharpshooter. Compressed air is considered by those unacquainted with it to be a safer motor than gunpowder; but at high pressure it is quite dangerous. I would rather stand within 100 yards of a gun exploded by gunpowder than at the same distance from a flask exploded by compressed air, as it would throw the fragments farther. The same is true of a steam boiler. It is impracticable with any machinery now devised to compress and hold air at above 2,000 pounds pressure to the square inch. Yet it is well-known by ordnance men that with gunpowder, for high velocities, a pressure of 30,000 pounds per square inch is often attained, and it is seldom used below 12,000 pounds. This will give some idea of the relative merits of compressed air and gunpowder."

"What was the nature of your experiments at Sandy Hook before the United States Ordnance Board?"

"The experiments were made to put beyond doubt the fact that dynamite can safely be fired from any kind of ordnance, and in the various trials I have fired both land and water projectiles."

"Do you consider dynamite dangerous to handle in ordinary warfare?"

"From my own experience it is no more dangerous to handle than gunpowder, and in some respects not as much so. For instance, a spark of fire which would explode powder if dropped into dynamite would be harmless. All that is necessary is to guard against a sudden shock or blow. With this precaution it can be safely handled. Since the invention of dynamite I believe that if a record could be obtained of the accidents from its use and from the use of gunpowder, it would be shown that gunpowder has the larger percentage of victims."

Mr. Snyder exhibited a piece of iron weighing thirty-five pounds, into which a quantity of brass had been fused as thoroughly as if it had been through the brazier's hands. Asked what it was he said: "That is a piece of a wrought-iron target ten inches thick, and is a small part of a ton of iron which was knocked off the target by the explosion of a shell containing nine and a half pounds of dynamite fired from a six-inch cannon. In this piece portions of the brass shell have been so thoroughly amalgamated with the iron that the most scientific of metallurgists would be puzzled to explain how this homogeneous combination of iron and brass could be formed so instantaneously. When we consider that the heat required to fuse iron and brass without the use of chemicals is beyond the measurement of any known instrument, and also consider the almost infinite shortness of the time in which the fusing was accomplished, we can form a faint idea of the tremendous power exerted, in velocity, at the point of contact. The greatest heat produced by velocity yet known, outside of explosive nitro-glycerine, is produced in electricity.

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND.

THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROADWAY LOUNGER.

As woman's behavior is apt to be reciprocal with her husband's and as there are 200,000 recreant men in majority, according to the Brooklyn pastor, in New-York, see, now how the attempt to crowd down one woman leads to the slander of all! We shall still believe in the general decency of our race. Seeking to spot Mr. Blaine, these men have been compelled to blacken mankind.

Two men have reason to be sorry for having known Mr. Cleveland: Horatio C. King and William C. Hudson. There are things so weak no man should strike them.

Saith an Indiana Republican: "I cannot reconcile it with the finer instincts of a man to go and hang a criminal when it is neither imperative nor expected, there being so many assistants or people willing to relieve the Sheriff. And it seems to me that the other coarse acts of Cleveland are indicated by his hangman's willingness. I think no type of person so coarse has ever been considered for the Presidency." He forgot that only the pinks of taste and fastidiousness chose Cleveland. What men are they to measure either morals or gentility?

Robert Burns told the lesson some people hereabout have never learned:

> The sacred flame of well-placed love;
> Luxuriantly indulge it!
> But never tempt the illicit rove,
> Though nothing should divulge it.
> I waive the question of the sin,
> The hazard of concealing,
> But, oh! it hardens all within,
> And petrifies the feeling.

This St. John is not the one with the lamb. This is the one who, while Governor of Kansas, seemed to say: "Do I hear seven-arf, seven-arf, seven-arf. *Do* I hear seven-arf? Going going,—left!" Here he is beating up the doubtful States instead of the temperance States, because here are the money purses, and his moral character seems confined to a mustache and a divorce certificate. Arthur Gorman ought to be ashamed to bid anything on this particularly "snide" evangelist.

Where in the world did Beecher meet John Harmon? In the lobby or at the bar?

Words ringing in my ear from the late William Cullen Bryant:

> "They are coming Father Grov-n-air
> *Two hundred thousand more.*"

Evening Post, please copy and charge to the Better Element.

If Cleveland becomes President, the respectable half of Washington had better go and jump off the dock.

This seems to be a campaign between the genuine Uncle Tom's Cabin and a "snide" version of the same with bloodhounds.

Since Horace White has taken to printing private conversation, does he remember a conversation where he said the American people were not fit for self-government? He reasoned from himself, as his silly rage in this campaign shows.

Benjamin Franklin, the most successful editor we ever possessed, and the wisest one, wrote on the abuse of the American press by obscure and upstart conductors of the same, such as we have in the present campaign, as follows: "On examination of *The Pennsylvania Gazette* for fifty years from its commencement, it appeared that during that long period scarcely one libellous piece had ever appeared in it. This chaste conduct of your paper is much to its reputation, for it has long been the opinion of sober, judicious people that nothing is more likely to endanger the liberty of the press than the abuse of that liberty by employing it in personal discussions, detraction and calumny. The newspapers have set this State in a bad light abroad. I have seen a European newspaper in which the editor, who had been charged with frequently calumniating the Americans, justified himself by saying that he had published nothing disgraceful to us which he had not taken from our own printed papers."

Franklin in 1788 wrote from the city of New-York: "Complaints of hard times and want of money are common to all times and all countries, and were made even in Solomon's time, why, as we are told, silver was as plenty in Jerusalem as the stones in the street, and yet even then there were people that grumbled so as to incur this censure from that knowing prince: 'Say not thou that the former times were better than these, for thou dost not inquire right concerning this matter.' The spirit of rankling malice and hatred breathes in the Philadelphia newspapers, and is most inconsistent. Each party ascribes all the public operations of the other to vicious motives; they do not even suspect one another of the smallest degree of honesty. They claim that the very justices of the peace make a villanous trade of their office and promote discord to augment fees. I see such words in them as 'petty fiddler,' 'sycophant' and 'scoundrel,' applied to the appointed Judge of the Admiralty; an 'old woman' and 'abettor of sedition' to another of the judges, 'a Jeffries' to the chief justice, and 'two harpies' are the controller and naval officers, 'to prey upon the merchants and deprive them of their property by force of arms.' The President of your Council and Assembly is called 'an old rogue who gave his assent to the Federal Constitution merely to avoid refunding money he had purloined from the United States.' While you give one another living the character of devils, when one dies he becomes an angel; so it seems to me that America is made by its newspapers a good country to die in, though a very bad one to live in."

Benjamin Franklin in 1782, a little over one hundred years ago, wrote to Francis Hopkinson, the author of "Hail Columbia," from Paris: "You do well to avoid being concerned in the pieces of personal abuse so scandalously common in our newspapers that I am afraid to lend any of them here until I have examined and laid aside such as would disgrace us and subject us among strangers to a reflection like that used by a gentleman in a coffee house to two quarrellers who, after a mutually free use of the words 'rogue,' 'villain,' 'rascal,' 'swindler,' etc., seemed as if they would refer their dispute to him. 'I know nothing of you or your affairs,' said he: 'I only perceive that you know one another.' The conductor of a newspaper," continues Franklin, "should, methinks, consider himself as in some degree the guardian of his country's reputation and refuse to insert such writings as may hurt it. If people will print their abuses of one another, let them do it in little pamphlets and discharge them where they think proper. It is absurd to trouble all the world with them and unjust to subscribers in distant places to stuff their paper with matters so unprofitable and so disagreeable."

The two great scamps, a hundred years ago, in the newspaper press of this country, the Pecksniff editors of that day, were Thomas Paine, and James Thompson Callender. Callender published *The Richmond (Va.) Recorder*, and abused General Washington, President Adams, and finally Jefferson, who had set him up in business. He got drunk and was drowned in the James River bathing, in 1803. Paine survived Callender six years and died drunk and dirty in this city, where the editor of *The Evening Post* wrote his life. Callender accused Washington of drawing his salary before it was due, while President, and thereby being a swindler who robbed his Government of interest and broke the laws. Paine accused Washington of cowardice, selfishness, etc., as the following extracts will show.

In 1796, the last year of Washington's Presidency, Paine addressed him a letter saying: "Monopolies of every kind mark your administration almost in the moment of its beginning. The lands obtained by the Revolution were lavished upon partisans. The interest of the disbanded soldier was sold to the speculator; injustice was assisted under the pretence of faith; and the Chief of the army became the patron of the fraud. Filth and vice have found protection in you and the levee room is their place of rendezvous. You slept away your time in the field till the finances of the country were completely exhausted. You commenced your Presidential career by encouraging and swallowing the grossest adulation; and you travelled America from one end to the other to put yourself in the way of receiving it. You have as many addresses in your chest as James the Second. Washington can serve or desert a man or a cause with Constitutional indifference. Errors or caprices of temper can be pardoned and forgotten, but a cold, deliberate crime of the heart, such as Mr. Washington is capable of acting, is not to be washed away." This seems to be the reproduction of yesterday afternoon's *Sneak and Sneer*.

The above extracts show us how the insects in the press of to-day had their perfect counterparts in the dishonored writers of a hundred years ago. Thomas Paine continues to address General Washington: "The character which Mr. Washington has attempted to act in the world is a sort of non-describable chameleon colored thing called prudence. It is in many cases a substitute for principle and is so nearly allied to hypocrisy that it easily slides into it. Mr. Washington will learn that it is better for a man to pass through the world with a thousand open errors upon his back than in being detected in one sly falsehood. When one is detected, a thousand more are suspected." This seems to be taken out of *The Eavesdropper* of yesterday. Washington is accused of almost the identical thing put against Blaine, of a foreign intrigue. "The first announcement," says Paine, "of the treaty was immediately denied by every American in Paris as an impossible thing, and though it was disbelieved by the French it imprinted a suspicion that some underhand business was going forward. At last the treaty itself arrived and every well affected American blushed with shame. In what fraudulent light must Mr. Washington's character appear in the world when his declarations and his conduct are compared together. Old Mrs. Thompson, the housekeeper of his headquarters, could have done his Fabian military work as well as Mr. Washington. Deborah would have been as good as Barak." Here you see General Washington's wife is covertly insulted.

Tom Paine then goes on to speak of "the snivelling address" of the New-York Chamber of Commerce to President Washington, and that of sundry merchants of Philadelphia "which was not much better." "This man," says Tom Paine, "is so intoxicated with favor and finance that he knows not the difference between plus and minus, between a hundred pounds in hand and a hundred pounds worse than nothing." Here you see Washington directly accused of stealing. Paine ends his discourse by saying: "As to you, sir, treacherous in private friendship and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be troubled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor—whether you have abandoned good principles or whether you ever had any." It is a singular fact that the theology of the Sneer-and-Sneak school is just that of Tom Paine's. The editor of *The Evening Post*, James Cheetham, referring to this letter in the columns of that since huckstered and degraded paper says: "This is a causeless, ungrateful, virulent and profligate attack on one of the greatest and best men that ever lived."

Alexander Hamilton wrote to General Washington, in 1795, from New-York city, about Edmund Randolph, the Secretary of State of Virginia and once aide-de-camp of Washington, who had been selling the secrets of the Administration to the French Minister and was detected by the correspondence being captured and sent by another foreign Minister to Washington. This extract, you will perceive, sounds very much like the recent attempts to injure Mr. Blaine by affecting to have more Mulligan correspondence, etc. Says Hamilton: "I perceive of Randolph that, rendered desperate himself, he meditates as much mischief as he can. The letter he calls for, if he obtains it, he expects to use to prejudice others, and if any part is kept back, to derive advantage to his cause from the idea that there may be something reserved which would tend to his exculpation and to produce suspicion that there is something which you are understood to keep from the light. Though from the state of public prejudices I shall probably for one be a sufferer by the publication, yet upon the whole I incline to the opinion that it is most advisable the whole should come before the public. The subject being in part public the whole letter will finally come out through the quarter by which it was written, and then it will have additional weight to produce ill impressions."

Hamilton wrote from Albany after he had retired from the Treasury Department: "Public office in this country has few attractions. The pecuniary emolument is so inconsiderable as to amount to a hazard to any man who can employ his time with advantage in any liberal profession. The opportunity of doing good, from the jealousy of power and the spirit of faction, is too small in any station to warrant a long continuance of private sacrifices. The enterprise of party had so far succeeded as materially to weaken the necessary influence and energy of the executive authority and so far succeeded as materially to weaken the necessary influence and energy of the executive authority and so far diminish the power of doing good in that department as greatly to take away the motives which a virtuous man might have for making sacrifices. The prospect was even bad for gratifying in future the love of fame if that passion was to be the spring of action. The union of these motives with the reflections of prudence in relation to a growing family determined me as soon as my plan had attained a certain maturity to withdraw from office. This I did by a resignation about two years since when I resumed the profession of the law in the city of New-York under every advantage I could desire."

It is to be observed, however, that when Mr. Hamilton did resume the practice of law in New-York city he upheld the public character of his peers and contemporaries and denounced the prevalence of scandal and insinuation.

Oliver Wolcott, one of the early Secretaries of the Treasury, described an attack in a newspaper on Washington in Philadelphia, as follows. Washington was then living in the city and the population of the town was hardly that of a big borough: "An article in *The Aurora* signed 'A Calm Observer,' appeared toward the end of October near election time. It was addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, but was levelled at the President himself, whom it charged with having constantly overdrawn his salary, two of his Secretaries being implicated as conniving at the fraud in violation of the laws and of their oaths. The charge was supported by a statement specifying the times at which, as was averred, the overdraughts had taken place and conveying the idea that they were now serious in amount. Thereupon the newspaper alluded to Washington's promise when he became Commander-in-Chief of the Army, that he should renounce every pecuniary compensation, and ended by saying, 'Will not the world be led to conclude that the mask of political hypocrisy has been alike worn by a Cæsar, a Cromwell, and a Washington?'" Mr. Walcott replied to this with dignity and facts, saying: "It is time it was known whether the public officers deserve all or any part of the abuse which you publish, or whether there exists a Confederacy whose nefarious object it is by calumny and misrepresentation to induce the people to believe that those who manage their public concerns are utterly destitute of integrity. I myself accede to this opinion." The newspaper thereon published an abusive rejoinder terming Mr. Wolcott's letter an evasion. Washington was again attacked and his Secretary remarked in a letter: "The President is the object which all these people aim their shafts at, hoping that if they cannot affect the public confidence, which I believe myself they never can, that they may be able to induce him to resign by giving him constant disturbance." Of course there was not the least truth in nor true inference from the original charges.

Mr. Gibbs, in his life of Secretary Wolcott, says that Washington until the moment it was found he would not run for another term of office was abused like a pickpocket. His language is as follows: "As Washington's determination had not been certainly known except by a few until the publication of his farewell address in September, the opposition had during this last summer, broken ground openly against him. Pamphlets and papers teemed with personal abuse; and his whole life, military and civil, was attacked without discrimination. In this warfare Callender, a Scotch fugitive from justice, and Thomas Paine, both of whom it has been proved were subsidized by Jefferson, were conspicuous. The torrent of party spirit, however, changed its course when it was known that he was no longer a candidate for election." The Scotchman and the peripatetic newspaper tramp are still at work smirching the characters of Secretaries of State, Speakers and Senators. About Callender, the main newspaper scamp in our early Presidential elections, old Secretary Wolcott remarked: "The sedition law was never enforced except against a few of those of the most reckless and infamous of their class: of whom Callender, an alien and a fugitive from justice was an example; this individual had been fostered and supported by Mr. Jefferson himself, and it is a striking incident of retributive justice that the pen which at his instance was directed against the Federalists was afterward turned with added venom against himself. The refusal of an office when Mr. Jefferson attained the object of his own hopes led to Callender's apostacy notwithstanding that Mr. Jefferson had removed the fine imposed by the Court on his conviction. For once the mercenary fought without pay." Another account says that Callender's attacks on Washington and Adams in these works "were as dispicable in point of ability as scandalous in their depravity and falsehood." That is the nature of the assaults on Blaine in the Pecksniff papers of New-York, conducted by men with no honorable ideas of party fealty, nor even reportorial ability to state their case. Before Jefferson himself had descended to employ campaign traducers he wrote to the Spanish Legation at Philadelphia, which had complained of coarse attacks upon themselves personally by the papers which, near the same time began to abuse Washington, as follows: "Your residence in the United States has given you an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the extreme freedom of the press in these States. The laws have thought it less mischievous to give greater scope to its freedom than to the restraint of it. The President has therefore no authority to prevent publications of the form of those you complain of in your favor of the 11th. I can only assure you that the Government of the United States has no part in them and that all its expressions of respect toward his Catholic Majesty, public and private, have been as uniform as their desire to cultivate his friendship has been sincere." John Adams wrote to Thomas Jefferson in 1813 after they had become reconciled: "None can conceive the terrorism of a former day in politics who did not witness them, and they were felt by one party only. Shall I remind you of Philip Freneau, of Lloyd, of Ned Church, and Peter Markoe, of Andrew Brown, of Duane, of Callender, of Tom Paine, of Greenleaf, of Cheetham, of Jennison, at New-York; of Benjamin Austin at Boston. The real terrors of both parties have always been and now are the fear that they shall lose the elections and consequently the loaves and fishes, and that their antagonists will get them. Both parties have excited artificial terrorism, and if I was summoned as a witness to say upon oath which party had excited the most terror and which had really felt the most, I could not give a more sincere answer than in the vulgar style, 'put them in a bag and shake them and then see which will come out first.'"

General Anthony Wayne, while at the head of the American army in Ohio in the autumn of 1795, wrote to Timothy Pickering about the scandals against Washington and his Cabinet: "The man of straw set up by a few select men of Boston, after running the gauntlet through all the cities and towns on the seaboard from Portsmouth to Charleston inclusive, has recently been tossed over the Alleghany Mountains into Kentucky. Thus a few malcontents in each State possessing a small portion of the powers of oratory and much spleen are satisfied to inflame the minds of a flighty multitude for the moment, but the good sense of the people of America will not suffer them to be long imposed upon. Hence they begin to see through this man of straw, nor will it be long before the merchants, who are the class of citizens most immediately concerned, of all the trading towns and cities of the United States, follow the general example." The man of straw, though he was written about nearly ninety years ago, seems to have been renominated by the Democratic Convention at Chicago and is on his way to Kentucky.

In Mr. Upham's life of Timothy Pickering, published not long ago, it is related how the Revolutionary influence of that day was aimed through the press. He says: "One of the French Ministers was a regular subscriber for 800 copies of the leading Democratic newspaper in Philadelphia. No pains nor means were spared to get information, to obtain influence over prominent persons and public opinion. A scheme was set up by Edmund Randolph, himself in the Cabinet, to obtain money from the French Minister Fauchet, some thousands of dollars, and with it buy up the Governor of Pennsylvania, Mifflin, so that he would not allow the whiskey insurrection to be suppressed. As the money was not forthcoming this Governor aided in suppressing the insurrection and actually joined Washington's army."

President Washington appears to have treated Edmund Randolph somewhat as Mr. Blaine treated Henry Ward Beecher. The biographer writes: "The President in the presence of the other Secretaries gave to Mr. Randolph Fauchet's intercepted letter and stated that there were matters in it which called for explanation. The President had directed us to watch Randolph's countenance while he perused it. The President fixed his own eye on him and I never before or afterward saw it look so animated. When Randolph had reached the end of the letter, he very deliberately said to the President, 'If I may be permitted to retain this letter a short time I shall be able to explain in a satisfactory manner everything in it which has a reference to me.' 'Very well,' answered the President, 'retain it,' but instead of giving the proposed explanation Randolph immediately sent in his resignation. The disclosure made to Washington that day was utterly astounding, awakening within him a storm of indignation and wrath. It kindled all the latent fire of his nature, but considerations of public welfare required him to smother it for the time, and he did so instantly. It is probable that Randolph, as he read Fauchet's letter in the silent presence of the President and the other members of the Cabinet, felt it to be the most terrible moment of his life. What aggravated the distress he must have felt in that trying hour was the fact, of which he could not have been unaware, that on the books of his department he was in debt to the Government a large amount. A suit was instituted by the Government against him, and as he was able from time to time he repaid the money, selling his lands for the purpose. But it was not until some years after his death that the account was closed." This man, however, when he got out of Washington's presence to a safe distance, could also address letters to the great chief, as follows.

When Washington had scared Randolph out of his Cabinet by giving him the proof of his treason, Randolph began writing to the newspapers on the subject—that general refuge of a stupified and windy scamp. General Washington, therefore, addressed him on the 21st of October, 1795—the language is very like that of Mr. Blaine to Fisher and Mulligan and company: "Your letter has been received; it is full of innuendoes. I shall therefore once more and for the last time repeat in the most unequivocal terms that you are at full liberty to publish anything that ever passed between us, written or oral, that you think will subserve your purposes. You are at full liberty to publish without reserve any and every private and confidential letter I ever wrote to you, nay more, every word I ever uttered to you or in your hearing, from whence you can derive any advantage in your vindication. I grant this permission, inasmuch as the extract alluded to manifestly tends to impress on the public mind an opinion that something has passed between us which you should disclose with reluctance from motives of delicacy with respect to me. As you are no longer an officer of the Government and propose to submit your vindication to the public, it is not my desire nor is it my intention to receive it otherwise than through the medium of the press. Facts you cannot mistake, and if they are fairly and candidly stated they will invite no comments. That public will judge when it comes to see your vindication how fair and how proper it has been for you to publish private and confidential communications which oftentimes have been written in a hurry and sometimes without even copies being taken, and it will, I hope, appreciate my motives even if it shall condemn my prudence in allowing you the unlimited license herein contained."

Edmund Randolph was the son of a Tory who ran away from the country at the beginning of the Revolution. Mr. Pickering said: "Washington in the privacy of his Cabinet read Randolph's vindication accusing Washington of a want of openness and being managed by Hamilton, etc., and remarked: 'Sir, he was the son of my dearest friend, who suddenly died. He begged me to be a friend to his adopted son, Edmund. I promised that I would be to him as a father; that promise has been sacredly kept. I made him when not twenty-two years of age one of my aides and a member of my military family. By the aid of my influence he rose from one distinguished post to another, to be the Attorney-General of Virginia, Governor there, and Attorney-General of the United States, and finally my Secretary of State. I put him at the head of my official council, in my Cabinet. From the beginning he has been admitted to my utmost confidence. I have held with him a daily intimacy. He occupied the chief seat among the guests at my table. Now he has written and published this mass of lies.' As Washington uttered these last words, he threw the pamphlet down and gave way to a terrific burst of denunciation in unrestrained expressions. He then calmly resumed his seat. The storm was over. With perfect serenity other business was entered upon, and the name or thought of Edmund Randolph was never again suffered to disturb his temper." Such was the effect of the first Mulligan batch of stuff against Washington.

A mountain in Maryland is called the Sugar Loaf, because of a very white summit it has. Climbing up there the pure crystal white is found to be the offal of the buzzards who roost there. So with some of these lofty-minded purists. They are white from their corruptions.

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND THE CRAB.

He had been on a crabbing expedition in the Annexed District and he carried his crab-net and a basket full of "soft shells" on a Sixth-ave., Elevated train. The unsalted guard, who had been guying him and exchanging tender glances with an Irish nurse in a French cap, noticed at length that he had fallen into a doze and that one occupant of the basket was on the point of escaping. After the train had stopped at Thirty-third-st., and had started again, the guard tip-toed into the car, seized the sprawling crustacean and laid it gently on the fisherman's collar. It reposed there until a well-dressed young woman entered the car at Fourteenth-st., and sat down next to the drowsy man.

The looks of other passengers soon made her nervous and led her to critically inspect her neighbor. She started and remarked "Ugh!" Half a dozen men laughed loudly, expecting to see her make a hasty flight. The crawling creature at that moment had one claw entangled in the man's hair. The guard on the platform and the Irish nurse appeared to be going into convulsions. A flush of indignation swept over the young woman's face and her pretty mouth was drawn into a curl of scornful defiance. With one dainty gloved hand she disentangled the crab from the straggling locks and threw it out of the open window. Then she resumed her attitude of dignified repose. The crabber still dozed, serenely unconscious of his loss. Newspapers suddenly had an absorbing interest for the men who had laughed. The guard whistled softly, as though he were trying to remember some forgotten tune. At Bleecker-st. the man with the crab-net and basket awoke with a start and bustled out of the car. The young woman rode to South Ferry and took a ferry-boat for the City of Churches.

At a school examination a clergyman was descanting on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to emphasize his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."